



The Krewe du Vieux Presents

Le Monde de Merde

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January 31, 2026

Priceless

PURPLE PROSE,
YELLOW
JOURNALISM
AND THE LUST
FOR GREEN

Krewe du Vieux Saves the Wet Glands

Queen Franziska Trautmann
Will Kick Krewe's Glass

OH-NOLA – How did we get here?

Innocent people murdered by warring governments and terrorist attacks. Starvation increasing, even as we collectively have unprecedented riches. Small-minded, pencil-dictators illegally wielding cruelty and hatred to inflate their desperately fragile egos. Overarching it all, we relentlessly damage the only planet we can call home.

And we know all this. We have access to more information, more immediately, than at any point in our homo sapiens history.

It's hard to believe that this is "humanity" in the 21st century – or is it really the 11th century?

Speaking of medieval institutions, the Vatican named its first Creole Pope, Laurent Etienne Olivier I (this was necessitated when the previous Pope died shortly after meeting with U.S. Vice President Juvenile Delinquent Vance). Rumors that Tabasco Sauce would now be available to spice up those communion wafers could not be confirmed at press time.

Back in the USSA/R, President Donald "the Lyin' King" Dump's tariffs were on and off and on and off more frequently than a john on a prostitute, which is probably where the Dumpster got his inspiration. Muckety-Musks created a total Trumpsterfuck in Washington, sparing only favored governmental entities such as the Department of War-holes and the Environmental Destruction Agency. The ensuing mass layoffs did not, unfortunately, include any members of Dump's "Junk Drawer" cabinet.

With Secretary of Hell and Heinous Services Bobby "Brainworm" Kennedy at the helm, all vaccinations, scientific research and health planning were cancelled, to be replaced by regular doses of snake oil and porcupine urine.

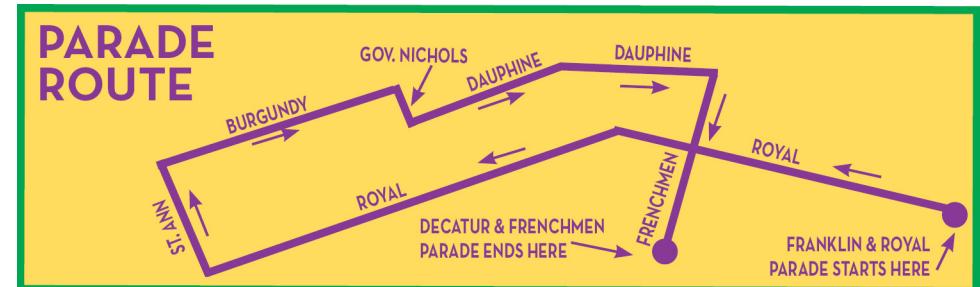
Meanwhile, all Americans were asked to swallow One Big Beautiful Pill. Congress certainly did, and it apparently made them completely impotent.

The fall election cycle saw the Republicans lose even once-safe races such as dogcatcher in rural Wilcox County, Alabamastan. Subsequently, the GOP scanned their policy priorities and goals, which consist primarily of making health insurance unaffordable, driving up inflation, slashing every important government function, and generally being as cruel and heartless as possible, and reached the conclusion that if there were free and fair midterm elections in 2026, they would get their asses handed to them (probably the only thing they were right about all year). So they went into full gerrymandering mode, which landed them in various federal courts, where they got their asses handed to them (though the SCROTUS [Supreme Court Republicans of the United States] has given them a temporary reprieve).

Back in the White Haus, Humpty-Trumpty wanted big ball(room)s. So he ordered the National Guard to invade multiple American cities (they should have been deployed to Mar-a-Lago); sang "Bomb bomb bomb, bomb bomb Iran"; and kidnapped the leader of a sovereign nation (see Congress: impotent, above).

Against this backdrop of total dysfunction, many people breathed a sigh of relief when the government went on an extended shutdown.

Here in the Bayou Off State, Governor Jeff "Wet" Glandry cancelled all coastal restoration projects, suggesting instead that everyone south of I-10 "should take swimming lessons." No one was upset when it was announced that he would be cavorting off to try to convince Greenland to become part of



Parade Route of the Krewe du Vieux, Saturday, January 31, 2026 at 6:30 PM

the United States, based apparently on the mistaken assumption by him and his Dumpster boss that Greenland was a golf course instead of a popular polar bear hangout.

Meta announced plans to open a massive data processing facility in Richland Parish, where it will consume most of the state's water and energy. Maybe Glandry should bring some of those polar ice sheets back home from Greenland

Locally, any doubt that the end of times is upon us should have been erased when we had a real blizzard, with as much as a foot of snow in some places. Though the snow eventually melted, the freeze continued in many city officials' brains, leading to mass inmate escapes, accidental discharges (of several types), street repair mismanagement, and absurd corruption.

All this left residents dealing with the five stages of grief.

Just before the fall's municipal elections, it was announced that the city was facing a \$160 million budget deficit, which led to all the mayoral candidates secretly voting for each other. In an attempt to balance the budget, winner Helena Morono announced new revenue measures including tariffs on products coming in from Jefferson Parish (among them, Haydel's king cakes and Zatarain's spices); placing tolls on the Mississippi River; and conducting a citywide bake sale.

The ICEing on that cake came with the deployment of immigration agents to the metro area. Breaking up families and communities, causing significantly

negative economic impacts and detaining innocent people is apparently the new American Way.

Rushing in to save the world, the whales, the wiener dogs, the wet bars, the wetlands, and the wet glands, the goofily glandular, giddily grotesque, gratuitously gallivanting, glamorously gibbering, graphically gyrating guys and gals of Krewe du Vieux will restore disorder to the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter on **Saturday, January 31 at 6:30 PM**. Spectators are advised to get a little glassy-eyed, empty their glass regularly, and watch their glasses.

Kicking glass on parade night will be Franziska Trautmann, co-founder of the Glass Half Full recycling and coastal restoration company. The Glass Girl Queen, along with consort and co-founder Bayou Boy Max Steitz, will uncork potions, passions, poissons, and possibilities – all of which MUST be recycled the next day.

The Krewe du Vieux's seventeen subkrewes will each present their own eroding, erotic, erroneous, aerodynamic, ersatz, and endlessly effluent interpretations of the theme. Subkrewes include the Krewe of C.R.U.D.E., Krewe of Space Age Love, Krewe of Underwear, Seeds of Decline, Krewe of Mama Roux, Krewe of L.E.W.D., Krewe of Drips and Discharges, Krewe of K.A.O.S., Knights of Mondu, T.O.K.I.N., Krewe Rue Bourbon, Krewe de C.R.A.P.S., Mystic Krewe of Spermes, Mystic Krewe of Comatose, Krewe of the Mystic Inane, Krewe du

continued on page 2

Our Queen is at the Head of Her Glass

Sometimes the ideas have been around for a while – the genius comes in figuring out how to make them work. And sometimes that genius is inspired by a bottle of something, which in turn is the basis of the idea

Such was the Through the Looking Glass origin story of our 2026 Krewe du Vieux Queen Franziska Trautmann and her pioneering enterprise Glass Half Full. Queen Fran and her friend and company co-founder Max Steitz were looking through the glass bottle of wine they had just finished off, ruing the fact that it was headed for eternity in a landfill somewhere. There had to be a better way, they thought.

Twelve million recycled glass bottles later (a notable percentage of which were consumed by Krewe du Vieux members), our Empress of Environmental Innovation is helping combat coastal land loss, supporting the local artist community, and saving the city millions of dollars per year.

Glass Half Full takes in tens of thousands of pounds of glass per week, which it then pulverizes into various sized grains of silica. A sizeable portion of it is used to replenish disappearing wetlands; other uses range from landscaping to art projects to construction. Some of it may even wind up applied to a certain royal float

The grinding glass concept was not new, but it took our Baroness of the Broken Bottle and her team to figure out how to make it work financially. The answer was a mix of earned income (paid glass pickup), community and investor funding, and grants. From a small facility where the glass was crushed by hand, Glass Half Full has grown to a large operation with locations on Louisa Street and in Chalmette, featuring the latest high-tech grinding equipment.

While the work does not directly relate to Queen Fran's degree in chemical engineering (a subject also near and dear to many KdV members), she is at heart a problem-solver who has found her perfect path.

"It feels like this is exactly what I should be working for, contributing to these solutions," pronounced our Rani of Recycling. "I grew up on

Bayou Carencro, and I always had an appreciation for Louisiana nature. I take a lot of pride in what we've been able to do."

Now her Majesty has a new crowning achievement as Queen of Krewe du Vieux.

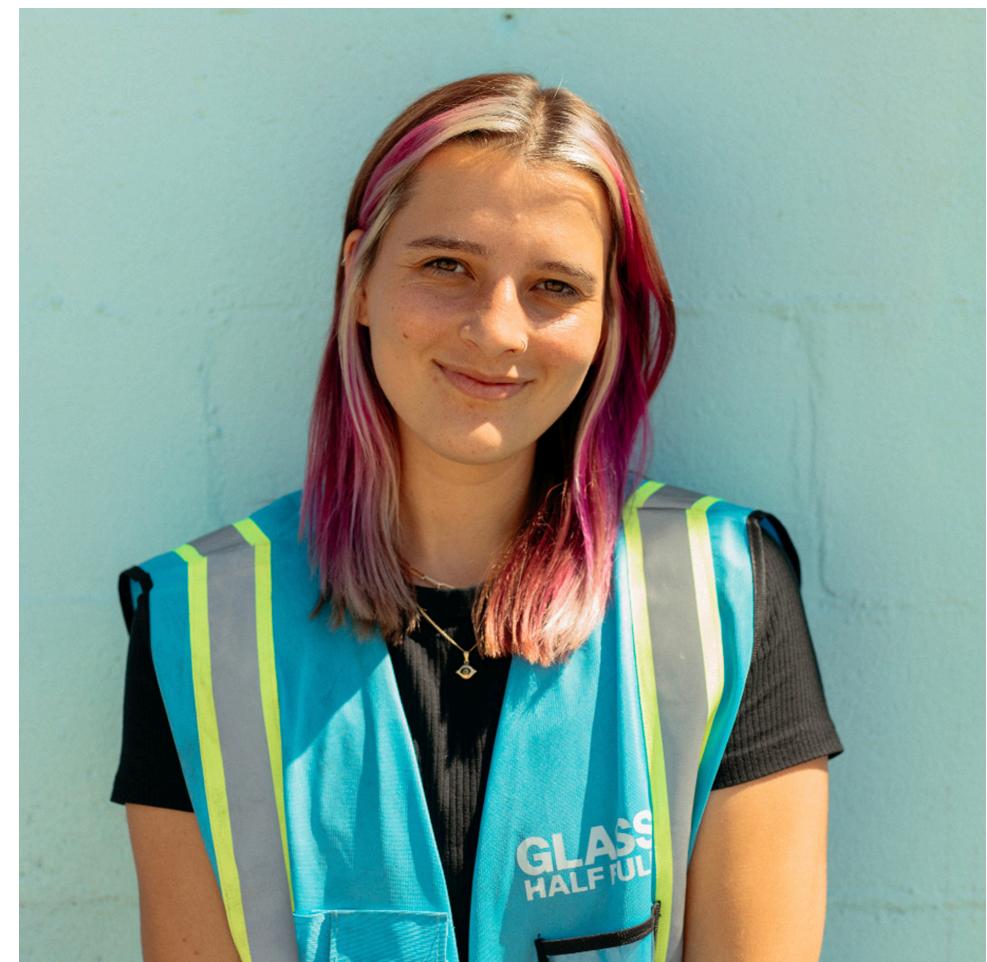
"It means everything to me!" exclaimed Queen Fran. "I swear on my life, if I were to do a vision board for my life, being Queen of Krewe du Vieux would be on that board – but I thought it would be like ten years from now.

"It truly is my favorite parade," continued our Marchioness of the Marshes. "It's a parade with a purpose, to make people laugh, or think, or care about something. It's the perfect intersection of my two favorite things: having fun, and making people think more deeply about things."

First introduced to KdV by her mother, who thankfully ignored all those dire warnings about not bringing her children to the parade (to be fair, Queen Fran was in college at the time), she remembers some of her favorite floats from the time when a certain orange-haired mogul first appeared on the scene. Despite her youth and the subject matter, "I was not scarred for life," she observed drily.

She will embody her royal reign as Glass Girl, accompanied by her consort and co-founder Max as Bayou Boy. "He really does a ton of the behind-the-scenes work," noted our Sultana of Sand. "Anything I've done, he's done."

The royal pair will ride in a glass airboat float, thankfully without the typical deafening engine roar (barring a particularly noisy mule). Throws will of course include glass beads – and parade-goers should not dare throw them away. Another aspect of Glass Half Full is being one of the partners in Recycle Dat, a collective effort to make Carnival more sustainable and further reduce piling things up in the landfills. In fact, they even collect beads that tourists have left behind in various hotels after Mardi Gras and bring them to organizations like ARC and the Saint Michael's Special School, where they will be



packaged for re-use.

There may even be some recycled glass being dispensed by our Countess of Coastal Re-creation. Despite being the youngest Krewe du Vieux mon-

arch ever, Queen Fran is ready to kick some glass, and has some very sage advice for her loyal subjects: "Throw sustainable throws, recycle your glass, and always pass a good time!"

Krewe du Vieux Doo

Saturday, January 31 • Doors open 8:00 PM
2135 Decatur Street • Entrance/Box Office on Chartres

featuring
Johnny Sketch and the Dirty Notes
Quintron
The Rumble
DJ G
and other special guests

Tickets \$60
Available at Humanitix.com or Broadside Box Office (5PM-10PM nightly)
21+ only • fête costumée

Krewe du Vieux Saves the Wet Glands

continued from page 1

Mishigas, and Krewe of SpanK.

Also marching will be many of the city's top brass bands. Showcasing the local brass band talent is one of the few Krewe du Vieux traditions that hasn't yet been slashed to help balance the city's \$160 million budget deficit.

The Krewe du Vieux is a nonprofit organization dedicated to the historical and traditional concept of a Mardi Gras parade as a venue for individual

creative expression and satirical comment. It is unique among all Mardi Gras parades because it alone carries on the old Carnival traditions, by using decorated, hand or mule-drawn floats with satirical themes, accompanied by costumed revelers dancing to the sounds of jazzy street musicians. We believe in exposing the world to the true nature of Mardi Gras – and in exposing ourselves to the world.

Mama Roux Goes Night Fishin' in the Dead Zone of the Gulf of Merica

PORT COUCHON – Despite reports of an ever-expanding Brain Drain causing a Dead Zone in the Gulf, Mama Roux's Mer-Person division has affirmed they will stick their rods in as deep as necessary to sample what catches there may be.

A Mama Roux Mer-Person rep stated, "We are not certain what we will yank up, but hopefully it will either taste good or there's a cure for it. Either way, it won't be smart." The anticipated haul includes zombie caches of deadbeat politicians, indicted officials of many stripes, blue ball crabs, shrimpy dicks, slimy bearded oysters, dancing deadheads, brain farts, freaky phish people, couyons coyotes and anything else which might be worth squeezing or sucking on. The most prized catch: any available grey matter.

Dead Zones form when loads of overstimulated organisms gorge and then swell into giant brainless blobs. These blobs then deteriorate into gobs of sea snot, choking out all the life around them, resulting in truly brain-dead swaths of oozing slime. As the Dead Zone widens, more creatures desperately seek brains, BRAINS!!! Armies of ugly jellyfish flitter about sucking on anything they can snag in their tangy tentacles, and zombie Mer-People vacantly drift around, brainless and sticky.

A study from the zombie institution once known as UNO by Dr L. Grimm (real scientist studying the actual dead zone) has concluded that brains are sorely missing from the Gulf of Merica. This has caused a stunning lack of intelligence throughout the region and a real hunger for brain power.

Normally south Louisiana is renowned for vibrant art, parties, culture, food, and music which stimulate an ecosystem of creativity. The current decimation of the local environment has produced an hypoxic state devoid of these vital ingredients, leaving a Dead Zone which seems to expand daily. As the environment deterio-

rates, the young, strong, smart, and able-bodied flee the region looking for anything more invigorating.

Legions of hypoxic brain-dead creatures now wander the city. One indicator of the brainlessness swelling in the area was Louisiana's own Senator John Kennedy, who actually wrote the book on "Stupidity," proving one really should write from experience. Another example of repellent neuro-deficiency is former mayor of NOLA Latoya the Destroya and her "booty" guard, Jeff the Vapid, both devoid of cranial capacity. The blob that infected their brains led to a famous photo documenting her need for protection and his blind ambition.

New Orleans District Attorney Jason Williams proved he lacks brain power by releasing dangerous parasites back onto the streets, infesting the environment with bloodthirsty felons lethally attacking random residents. One truly wonderful brain who fell victim to the DA's incompetence was Elliot Brown, killed by a neighbor who had killed someone else a few years earlier, but was never prosecuted.

New Orleans Sheriff Hutson seemed stupidly determined to empty the local jails of all criminals by any means necessary. When the parole system proved too slow, she simply let them sneak out through the sewer, "TO EASY, LOL!!"

As long as these parasites are floating around, most of the able-brained have tried to vacate the area and find more suitable ecosystems. Still, Mama Roux's Mer-People are confident they can harvest the best brains during the Night of the Living Dead Zone!!!



ICE Gets Creamed: Comatose Serves Up Sweet Justice

FROZEN ASSETS – In a stunning reversal of fortune, Immigration and Customs Enforcement agents across the nation report an insatiable craving for soft-serve ice cream. Medical experts are baffled by the sudden epidemic of what researchers are calling "Cone-stipation Syndrome."

The condition has left thousands of ICE agents on their knees, mouths agape, desperately awaiting their next fix of creamy confections. "They simply can't help themselves," explained Dr. I. M. Melting of the Center for Dessert Control. "Once they get a taste, they're completely powerless. Handcuffs are the only treatment that seems to work."

The crisis began shortly after the Mystik Krewe of Comatose announced their 2026 parade theme, featuring a massive ice cream truck float staffed by politically incorrect vendors. "We're just giving the people what they want," said a Comatose confectioner, adjusting their paper hat and coin changer. "Turns out nasty federal agents have quite the sweet tooth."

Local slush-based economists predict ice cream sales will skyrocket as ICE agents queue up for their daily servings. "The irony is delicious," noted Professor Sundae Best of Tulane's Dessertology Department. "An agency of frozen water defeated by frozen dairy products – you can't make this stuff up. These thugs are milking our good humor into a real swirl."

New Orleans Mayor Helena Moreno has declared the city a "Soft-Serve Sanctuary," promising unlimited toppings for all who enter city limits peacefully. "We've always known that love, not hate, is the answer," she announced. "And what's more loving than ice cream?"

The Trump administration's deployment of ICE to New Orleans has melted faster than a cone on a July afternoon. Sources close to the White House reported that myriad agents refused the assignment, citing

"extreme lactose intolerance to local resistance."

Meanwhile, Comatose krewe members have been spotted practicing their ice cream scooping techniques. "This is about power dynamics," explained one anonymous vendor. "When you control the soft-serve machine, you control everything. And baby, we're serving justice by the scoop."

Behavioral psychologists studying the phenomenon note that ICE agents report feeling "submissive yet satisfied" after receiving their cream. Dr. Freida Cone suggested the experience represents "a complete power reversal, with those who once detained others now detained by their own desires."

The krewe promised that parade night will feature the ultimate display of dessert domination. Spectators can expect to see the massive ice cream truck float, complete with a working soft-serve dispenser and agents "voluntarily restrained and gratefully receiving."

"In New Orleans, we've survived yellow fever, hurricanes, and federal neglect," the Comatose spokesperson continued. "A bully with a badge doesn't scare us – we just serve him something sweet and watch him melt."

Local ice cream parlors reported solidarity with the krewe's message. Hansen's Sno-Bliz, Angelo Brocato's, and Creole Creamery have jointly declared January 31st as "ICE Gets Creamed Day," offering free treats to anyone who promises to "love thy neighbor, not detain them."

As Mardi Gras approaches, one thing is certain: Comatose will deliver a float so provocative, so deliciously rebellious, that ICE agents nationwide will think twice before threatening our city. After all, when you mess with New Orleans, you get the cone – and you're gonna take it on your knees. Beware, Krewe du Vieux tolerates no rats.

The beloved Krewe of Comatose: Making America's bullies beg for more since 2026.

Poetry Corner

Is That a Pogy in Your Pocket?

The lost verses of Dr. Seuss' "One Fish, Two Fish, Redfish, Deadfish" as transcribed by the Knights of Mondu

One net, two nets,
Big ships far too near,
Here come the pogy boats
Uh oh. Oh dear.

These boats aren't from here,
Not marsh, nor bayou,
They come from up north—
Waving red and white, but no blue.

One fish, two fish,
Some speckled some red,
They swim by the beaches
Where pogies are fed.

Fish darted and flashed
In the calm coastal tide,
Till the giant blue vessels
Came lumbering wide.

With nets like a city
And pumps like a drain,
They sucked up the ocean—
Fish, hope, and refrain.

"Just pogies!" they shouted.
"Don't worry! Don't fret!"
But the trout and the redfish
Were tangled in net.

Flip-flap! Thud-splat!
On steel they did land,
Not what the permit
Had carefully planned.

Too big! Too wrong!
"Bycatch!" they cried,
Then shoveled the damage
Back into the tide.

Some floated. Some sank.
Some tried hard to flee.
But dead fish don't vote,
And they don't make TV.

These boats fished too close,
Where sand meets the sea,
Where folk cast their lines
And redfish ran free.

"Studies say fine!"
Said a suit with a grin,
While counting the dollars
He'd tucked neatly in.

"Data looks clean!"
Said a paper that read
Like it skipped every fish
That had washed up dead.

The Wildlife folks nodded.
The cameras looked away.
The lawmakers slept in
Following "donation" day.

One check, two checks,
Big numbers, bold ink,
Funny how fast
Truth sinks when nets drink.

The anglers all asked,
"Why fewer each year?"
The answer swam off
In a well-funded smear.

Redfish grew rarer.
The trout thinned out too.
But the boats kept on coming –
What else would they do?

"Jobs!" cried the lobby.
"Economy first!"
As ecosystems quietly
Cracked ... and then burst.

While the nets pack up north
With the money they've made,
Louisiana stays south
With the damage unpaid.



So one fish, no fish,
Empty lines, quiet bays,
A paradise that wonders
How they got away.

Will someone say "Stop!"
Will someone say "No!"
Before there are no fish
On the coast left to go?

Because oceans remember.
And tides always tell.
You can't net the truth –
Though they've tried it damn well.

The Kennedy Has a Remedy

JACKSOFF SQUARE – During a second-term Trump presidency, not much shocks Americans. However, on a particularly sunny winter afternoon earlier this January, New Orleanians were quite surprised when Secretary of Health and Inhuman Services Robert F. Kennedy Jr. came riding into town on his apothecary wagon, ready to hawk his remedies. Alongside tarot card readers and folk artists in Jackson Square, RFK and his particularly vocal brain parasite spoke at length about the many benefits of his concoctions, much to the dismay of a dubious public.

The secretary proudly displayed an impressive, albeit very odd, range of tonics and tinctures for sale – impressive, perhaps, to a time traveler from centuries past. Jars filled with fermented urine claimed to stave off the flu, while simultaneously whitening teeth (\$64.99). A "Fecal Ointment"

derived naturally from donkey excrement treated wounds while fending off any new Covid-19 variants (\$72.99). Mercury, the powerful neurotoxin, was lauded as a life-lengthening ingredient in medicinal chocolates (\$36.99 for four), while a wide selection of lead-based skincare (\$16.99-\$54.99) was promoted as a holistic topical solution to treat syphilis.

Appointments could be made directly at the apothecary wagon for a variety of on-site procedures. Bloodletting, the Secretary claimed, was very popular among Trump's cabinet members. A tapeworm diet was promoted as a much safer and healthier alternative to semaglutide and tirzepatide weight-loss injections, said to be a must-have for the MAGA elite. Leech therapy was showcased as Kennedy and Trump's go-to remedy for the treatment of hemorrhoids.

The fees for these procedures were

on a highly lubricated sliding scale, so a current bank statement was required. Partial fee waivers were available to those donating to Trump's ballroom.

If all of this weren't enough, bottles of literal snake oil were being touted as a miracle cure-all – a particular must-have for those with a leaky stool like the Secretary. Price per bottle was by request only.

Curious crowds gathered, although mostly in disgust. It became evident quickly that Secretary Kennedy didn't anticipate the residents of New Orleans to be well-versed in basic science, or care to research the region's long and deep-rooted history with Voodoo. As the crowds grew larger, loud murmurs turned into a chant that reverberated from the walls of the Pontalba buildings: "Kennedy's remedies have got to go!"

Eventually, a group of righteous rebels aptly named the Mishigas Misfits

ran the Secretary and his wagon out of town. Clad in the haute couture Steampunk look, the Misfits moved on to real New Orleans remedies, like the Painkiller, the Bitter Pill, the Heartbeat Martini, the Code Blue, and Dr. Tichenor's on the rocks.

The last sighting painted a picture of a sad, confused man and his pet parasite desperately trying to navigate up an interstate on-ramp. News reports later confirmed that this was a part of Kennedy's 24-city "Make America Healed Again" tour, so beware of this snake oil salesman in a town near you.



Coalition Resigned to All Public Stupidity

DENSA – Researchers at the Harvard Advanced Cognition and Knowledge Sciences (HACKS) Lab are raising alarms about rapidly plunging IQ scores around the country.

“We’ve long observed a slow erosion in the scores, but it was playing out over decades,” HACKS director Dr. Michael Judge said. “In the last few years, though, that process has accelerated significantly and we’re seeing some real stupidity emerge. Just yesterday, one of our subjects burned his left hand on a hot stove. He immediately put his right hand on the same burner to see if worked the same.”

The research team noted in their report that the fall-off in IQ was not universal, but limited to a subset of the population, though one large enough to drag down society’s collective

intelligence.

“It almost like they’re doing it on purpose,” said Dr. Edith Out, another researcher. “Like they’re intentionally deciding not to apply any critical thinking — or really much thinking of any kind. They’re also hostile to new information. I told someone she might want to take an umbrella since it was raining. She just called me a ‘pointy-headed nerd’ and walked out.”

As other examples of these declines, researchers cited belief in space lasers, election fraud, airplanes spraying chemical trails, bigfoot, and compassionate conservatives.

Alongside the decline in IQ, scientists also observed a drop off in empathy among the same population, leading to an increase in reports of organized puppy kicking.

“Apparently the first rule of Puppy

Kicking Club is to talk about Puppy Kicking Club,” noted one investigator. “Preferably on social media like X and YouBoob Tube. It’s been a top hashtag for the past several months.”

Researchers say they have not been able to locate a cause for the two trends, as the declines cross geographies, ages, and socioeconomic status. However, they point to probable outcomes.

“We are approaching a Darwin-level of action,” Judge said. “Business leaders, political figures, media stars, so-called influencers — the inmates are taking over the asylum. That’s how we get government shutdowns, internet fraud, anti-vaxxers, proliferating fast food chains, RFK Jr., and all the rest of the insanity. Artificial intelligence had better get here

quickly, because the natural sources are depleting rapidly.”

One group, the Coalition Resigned to All Public Stupidity (CRAPS), has decided to embrace the plummeting competence.

“We tried to use logic, science, and the normal political process, and you see where this has gotten us,” an anonymous spokesperson said. “We’re living in a CRAPtocracy. If we can’t beat them, we’re going to join them. We’ll lead the race to the bottom.”

The group will be taking to the streets of the Marigny and French Quarter to spread their message on January 31. The group announced that they would be destroying as many brain cells as possible that night and encouraging others to do the same.

Governor Landry’s Disappearing Diversions

PORT OF RAPIDES - At a ceremony at the new Central Louisiana Trans-oceanic Shipping Terminal, Governor Landry signed an Executive Order cancelling all remaining coastal diversion projects and creating a new land bank to manage a reimagined coastline. The Governor said the state was now looking to the future with a new and better coastline.

“Today is a great day not just for our coastal parishes, but for our entire State. With this Executive Order, we are paving the way for more economic growth for Louisiana.”

In particular, Governor Landry cited new waterfront development opportunities in previously landlocked Beauregard, Jefferson Davis and Livingston parishes.

This action follows the cancellation of the Mid-Breton Sediment Diversion and Mid-Barataria Sediment Diversion projects in 2025, which he had called “a threat to the state’s way of life” and continued, “I heard from Boudreux of Boudreux’s Bait Shop and Boat Charters himself that restoring the coast would devastate

his business, with all that restored land cutting off his access to the water.

“Our commitment to coastal restoration has not wavered. We’re just going to restore our coast in a new place and make it bigger and better. There will never be a greater opportunity to implement such a large-scale project of inaction to remake our coast. With these cancellations we can do that more quickly and at a lower cost.”

The decision was based on the determination by Gordon “Gordy” Dove, the Governor’s handpicked chairman of Louisiana Coastal Protection and Restoration Authority, that the projects are no longer viable due to multiple factors, including impact on fisheries, coastal business and fossil fuel companies, and cited the ballooning cost which had absolutely nothing to do with delays, inflation or tariffs.

“You either move oysters or move people, and there’s only one answer to that question. You do both. We’re going to get rid of the negative impacts on people that make a living out and about on the water, by giving them

a lot more water, and a grand new coastline for the entire State at the same time. This will be a boon for all our population centers, even those in the southern part of the State. Who wouldn’t want to stroll the Bourbon Street Boardwalk?”

The Governor’s answer to criticisms of the cancellation was, “All those who keep saying, ‘Well, the experts say,’ well, I watched a few YouTube videos and I can tell you, they are only experts at pulling the wool over the eyes of our good people.”

The Governor’s order will establish a panel which will award grants of parcels of the new coastal land for redevelopment, which he envisions as a Gulf of ‘Merika beachfront resort. He assured the process would be based on an open and fair assessment of campaign donations and family connections.

The Governor said he was looking forward to spending some quality time on the new coast, and finished by saying “I’m proud to say we’re bringing the coast to you.”

C.O.A. STATEMENT

Le Monde de Merde is offered by the Krewe du Vieux in the true spirit of Carnival as a venue for satire and political comment. The views herein may not reflect those of Krewe leaders or all Krewe members.

They are designed to entertain and provoke thought. Besides, ain’t none of us got anything worth suing for that hasn’t already been detained and deported by ICE (Insane Constitutional Embarrassments)..

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Krewe of the Mystic Inane Presents the 69th Annual Grand Vile Tampon Rodeo

GRAND VILE – It's time again for the fishing tournament where there's always something heavy on the end of the line, the Grand Vile Tampon Rodeo. This annual extravaganza is considered the best fishing event on the Gulf of Amenstrica, period.

Louisiana's best danglers will descend on Grand Vile on January 31 to try to catch the biggest, heaviest tampon in the Gulf, but that's not the only fish these danglers are eager to snatch. Prizes will also be awarded for redfish, white trout, spotted trout, grouper, grouper-plus, channel pussyfish, barracoocha, lickdown, taint runner, striped muffmullet, amberjackoff, amberjilloff, and of course the coveted red snatcher.

Last year's winner Flo Boudreax is expected to be in the running for heaviest tampon aboard her trusted vessel the PMS Flo-Rider, but expect tough competition from upstarts like Big Mouth Billy Numbasser and Mike

"Hunt-Wanna" Johnson.

This year's event features a new snatch-and-release program where all tampons fished from the gulf will be collected, bundled up to make a "super tampon," and piled up at the end of Bayou LaDouche, which has experienced significant wetland loss. The tampons are expected to stop the flow of salt water intrusion and absorb the red tide so that healthy thick marsh bushes can regrow, and cunning anglers and duck-cutters can lose themselves in them for years to come.

Unsurprisingly, Governor Jeff Gland-dry has come out against the idea, saying in a statement that it is "ew, icky" and asserting that as always, no Louisiana taxpayer money will be spent on tampons or wetland restoration. Luckily, his recent exile to Greenland means that the tampons will be inserted into the MSFLO canal as scheduled on the next full moon.



Grand Vile Tampon Rodeo would like to thank its sponsors:

Tony Snatchere's: spice up your tampon with Tony's!

Clay's His-ins - the new tampons for men's mouths.

From vile verbal dribble to excessive bleating, plug him up with His-Ins!

RFK Jr's Master Bait Shop: come get a bucket of RFK Jr's famous brain worms.

Now with more hepatitis!

Spermes Picks Up Sloppy Seconds

NEW ORLEANS TRANS-FER STATION – Research shows that recycling preserves precious resources and may provide a modest sense of satisfaction, but now the Krewe of Spermes is taking re-use to another level.

"Spermes loves sloppy seconds," said krewe pick-up artist Harry Balz.

The krewe is changing the bio waste paradigm by expanding what it calls the secondary market.

"Forget the 'walk of shame,'" Balz said. "Go back to the bar. Rinse and repeat."

Spermes members have never been shy about double dipping, and now they're trying to get everyone in on the second act. The group has long been stigmatized for waste, and getting wasted. They send millions on a job that one can do. So after looking at ways to decrease waste, they got turned on by recycling. They came up with a new mantra: seduce, reuse,

recycle.

Re-using also keeps slightly used materials from winding up in a landfill. "One man's trash is another man's pleasure," observed Balz.

The krewe says it got the idea during last summer when city officials were soliciting trashy new partners. Everyone wanted to pick up trash in the French Quarter, Balz recalled. "We were watching Sidney 'Trashanova' Torres VD (CEO of VD Waste), and we realized there was no trash he wouldn't pick up."

Torres VD confirmed his incredibly low standards.

"Sometimes you're trying to do your business and you face that fishy smell or something clearly expired," Torres VD said. "I just hit it with a lemony spritz and have my filthy way with it."

Getting past the shame, and sometimes odor, was the whole game, Balz said.

The krewe initially looked to connect with other garbage mongers to share just the tips. The local nonprofit Ass Half Full was very receptive.

"We liked their model, but thought we could improve it," Balz elaborated. "They collect all the used ass and drag it out to the Lower 9th Ward to pound it. Talk about waste! We say, pound it wherever you like."

Many krewe members raved about their initial recycling efforts.

"Who doesn't love luscious leftovers?" asked Randy Knight.

"Pound for pound, this is the best program out there," Balz added.

The krewe also is exploring other partnerships. It's talking to rideshare apps about pick-up services. Subscribers also can get blue bins for easy drop-offs.

"It's just like Tinder, but not as choosy," Balz explained. He also conceded that not everything is recyclable. Some stuff is just nasty.

At the end of the day, more wasted folks are seeing the potential.

"We're giving some people hope," Balz concluded. "Some see an ass half full and don't see the opportunity. Spermes gets pretty happy when we see an ass half empty."

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*Someday. For now, zhōngguó zhìzào

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"What is this rash on my genitals that appeared after hooking up with a member of Drips and Discharges?"

"Who shot the La La?"

"Where did I get these shoes?"

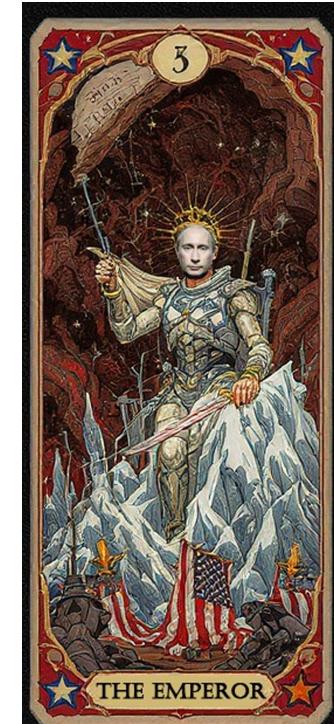
Your answers are here! The all-seeing fortune tellers of K.A.O.S. will take to the streets on January 31 to provide free Tarot card readings,* using special, newly created Tarot decks from the makers of The MAGA Hate Ball®.

Come out to the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 31 – and be sure to ask your psychic if you are better off today than you are three years from now!

All readings are free of charge but seekers of the truth who offer cash, alcohol, or sexual favors will receive a more in-depth reading.** Be forewarned, however, that the future ain't what it used to be.

*Offer not available to Radical left scum.

**Members of Drips and Discharges not eligible for sexual favors offer.



T.O.K.I.N. Smokes Out Invasive Species

DA SWAMP – A deep probe initiated by the Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells (T.O.K.I.N.) has exposed a plague of Invasive Species infesting the planet.

This scourge appeared in January 2025, emerging from seeds of destruction planted years earlier and malevolently nurtured by repugnant forces. “The Invasive Species we discovered have the potential to destroy more lives than Covid, cholera, and the bubonic plague combined,” said T.O.K.I.N.’s cannibal and connubial spokesHEADs, Mary Jane Hemplant and Bud Stoner.

Joining forces with salacious scientists and profligate professors from various disciplines – and lack thereof – including famed biological physicist Frank Einstein, culinary psychologist Sigmund Deep-Fried, and high-spirited herbologist Dr. Buzz Feelgood, they discovered that the source of the environmental infection was a malicious monstrosity known variously as Agent Orange, the Tangerine Tyrant,

and Lord of the Lies. Among the invasive species this frightful fiend had inflicted on the nation were:

- Bobby Brainworm – sucks scientific knowledge from the body politic.
- Bondi Barracuda – ambush predator lurking in the halls of justice.
- Feral Hogseth – murderous drunken wild boar that attacks on land and sea.
- Homan Hyena – hunts along the border and can be lured with bags of cash.
- Kristi Coyote – opportunistic aggressor known for stealing babies from their mamas.
- Millerpede – aka Noxious Acrid Zombie Insect.
- Vance-pire Bat – sucks the life-blood of democracy.
- Vought Vulture – Project 25 predator that devours the bones of democracy.
- Mikey Mouse – teeny weenie

Squeaker of the House.

- Scaly Scalise – snake in the Con-grass.
- Cassidy Dung Beetle – rolls around in orange excrement.
- Kennedy Cuckoo – known to squawk nonsense every hour on the hour.
- Eely Landry – slippery parasite hungry for power and money.

Faced with the pervasive proliferation of these catastrophic critters, T.O.K.I.N. rolled out an agenda and held a meeting in a smoke-filled laboratory to hash out a solution. “They have infiltrated every part of our habitat,” said Hemplant and Stoner, “The only remedy is to smoke them out with our healing herbs, exhilarating elixirs, and raunchy remedies.” The Totally Orgasmic Krewe of Intergalactic Ne'er-do-wells invites all life forms not already compromised and corrupted by the magamonster to join their grass-roots movement at the Krewe du Vieux parade on January 31st.



In Time of Need, C.R.U.D.E. Sends Thots and Preyers

ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL – Clerical leaders with the archdiocese gathered today outside St. Louis Cathedral to announce a new strategy for organizing church support for the many and growing needs across the community.

The answer now is “thots and preyers,” no matter what tragedy, calamity, or highly-predictable consequence of poor decisions and irresponsible policies may occur.

The church will work with C.R.U.D.E. to make sure thots and preyers are distributed widely.

“A tornado strikes? We’re sending thots and preyers. Yet another mass shooting? Thots and preyers. You name it, that’s what we have,” said Monsignor Harry Dickinson.

The move comes after waves of legal action related to clerical abuse scandals have drained church coffers.

“We must face financial reality and acknowledge that the church can no longer fund programs for the less fortunate as we have so generously and selflessly done in the past with our godlike grace,” said Dickinson.

“But what we have aplenty are thots and preyers. In fact, the church is overflowing with them.”

Thoughts and prayers have long been the standing response to anything that actually requires some kind of change, action, or intelligent solu-

tion. But Dickinson said this time is different.

“To be clear, we are talking about thots and preyers. A thot is ‘that hoe over there,’ and preyers are those who prey upon the more vulnerable. Believe me, the church is not going to run out of either of those anytime soon.”

When asked if it wasn’t preyers that got the church into its financial pickle to begin with, Dickinson replied that from now on the preyers will be deployed with the thots.

“And these thots are not prey, quite the contrary,” he said. “The preyers will have their hands full with the thots’ parts, with not an ounce left for altar boys. It will be a virtuous circle, possibly even a virtuous circle jerk.”

Thots, the monsignor pointed out, have had a long but underappreciated role in the church, going back to biblical times and the O.G. thot, Mary Magdalene herself.

“Today, there is a rich diversity of thots among us, from the holy to the holes, and it is not just that hoe over there. It can be that hoe over here, that hoe everywhere. As for the preyers, well, all I can say is glory hole be!”

In closing, the monsignor asked everyone to fall on their knees, not in prayer, but in tribute to a technique the thots have been demonstrating all along.

Trump Takes the Prize

STINKHOLE, SWEDEN – Since Donald Trump’s second ascension to the office of President of the United States, many people (mostly Donald Trump) have suggested that he should be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his amazing imaginary contributions to world peace.

But why stop there? There are several other Nobel prizes. Why shouldn’t he get all of them? As he often reminds us, he is the greatest president ever, and, by extension, since he is the president of the United States, that makes him the greatest person alive. Not to mention that he is the smartest and

has aced the Montreal Cognitive Assessment (MoCA) test multiple times!

The Peace Prize, of course, goes without saying. Consider all the wars that never would have started if he had been president at the time: the Trojan War, the Peloponnesian War, the Hundred Years War, the Wars of the Roses, the War of the Spanish Succession, the French and Indian War – the list is endless. And renaming the Department of Defense to the Department of War – how brilliantly counterintuitive!

Then there’s the economics prize. Certainly no one has had a greater

Serious Drip: NOLA Has Big Balls Cumming

MARIGNY WET TRIANGLE – A lone silhouette darkened the corner of a space so gaudy it could previously only have existed in Lindsey Graham’s wet dreams. What the silhouette was remained unclear – dirty laundry from a nursing home? elephant excrement? – until the sobbing began.

“I’m the bestest, most smartest, not ugliest king the entire universe has ever known,” whimpered the shadowy, shady figure, “And I have the best balls the world has ever seen.”

“Why have the biggest balls if no one is cumming?” asked Sen. John Kennedy, who was chewing on a piece of hay for some reason. He suggested the blame may lie somewhere deep within the Marigny, where ex-congress-something Vagorie T. Queef has led a group of defectors that now subscribe to the MaTGA, or Make Taints Great Again, movement.

Several members of the delegation have been known to associate with the Drips and Discharges, an infamous local “krewe” known for subversive – some say antifa – behavior as well as ridiculously large genitalia. According to El Presidente Andy Wellballs, standing in a glimmering hall of gold-plated truck nutz, “Everyone knows where to find the biggest balls.”

“You will believe neither the quantity nor the quality of the balls you

are about to get hit with,” added Der Fluffer Dredd Strapon.

Sources close to the White Haus, reportedly the whitest since records resumed following the tragic golf course fires of 2022, say those in charge of handling the balls have condemned the Drips “ball busters” as nut jobs and say ball prices have dropped by 600 to as much as 7,000 percent in some cases.

Not to be outdone, Strapon boasted, “Look, our balls have dropped 8 million percent, the largest drop the five dimensions have ever seen. Cum or don’t. On January 31 we’ll be waltzing with the largest, lowest, most cognitive testes the world has ever known!”



impact on world trade these days than Mr. Trump. Perhaps that could be awarded to Mr. Trump in exchange for easing up on tariffs, although we don’t suppose he would consider leaving the Federal Reserve Bank alone.

As far as the Nobel Prize for literature, while it is true that Mr. Trump’s literary output is somewhat limited, he does have quite the flair for making up stories, which should count for something. And there’s that classic Epstein letter. Should he ever turn his hand to fiction writing, he would surely compose the greatest novel ever written.

Perhaps the physics prize could be awarded for his brilliant treatises on magnets and windmills. And as to the physiology or medicine and chemistry prizes, who can forget his ingenious, inventive, medical intervention suggestions (bleach! ultraviolet light! ivermectin!) during the covid pandemic.

Perhaps in the future other honors heretofore denied to Mr. Trump will be bestowed upon him. An Emmy? An Oscar? An Olympic Gold Medal? Elevation to the Baseball Hall of Fame? To the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame? Who knows? One can only dream!

Pillagers of Justice

Krewe of Underwear Reproaches the Bench

THE SUPINE COURT BUILDING – Once again, the Mediocre Court (formerly known as the Supreme Court) has proven that it is little more than a rubber stamp for the tyrannical ambitions and unconstitutional cravings of President Dump.

The Court's latest decision, in the *Dump v. United States* case, fundamentally confers unlimited diktatorial powers on the Dumpster.

Speaking for the usual six-injustice majority, even Chief Injustice Little John Slobberts had trouble justifying the decision. "We were groping at – I mean for – justice," he explained. "But once we took the blindfolds off [of Lady Justice], we could see *prima facie* the path forward to total totalitarianism."

"After reviewing the President's

writ of *hideous corpus*, we felt comfortable, even warm and fuzzy, drawing this conclusion," added Associate Injustice Beer Havanother while approaching the bar. "It was clearly *ex parte*."

The announcement authorizing the authoritarian autocrat was authored by Associate Injustice Samuel Alight-weight. Also concurring were the usual suspects: injustices Neil Nonsense, Clearance Sale Thomas and Amy Phoney Haircut. Although every single court and judge in the United States had previously held that the powers of the president are constitutionally limited – including many appointed by the Dumpster himself – the Deeply Pathetic Court (formerly known as the Supreme Court) has made it clear that it knows better, precedent or principle

be damned.

Indeed, while considerable testimony and evidence was presented to the Court opposing the decision, the Injustices clearly relied heavily on an *anus curiae* brief filed by several leading Republican sycophants, including House Speaker Mike "Tiny" Johnson (who delivered several *subpenis* in the case) and Senator Lindsey Graham Cracker.

"We trust that the *mandamus* ensuing from this decision will put an end to judicial independence once and for all," commented Graham Cracker while enjoying a restraining order from his favorite dominatrix.

The despicable disrobing of Lady Justice in deference to the depraved despot was derided and decried by court historians, legal scholars, and

pretty much everyone whose brain has not been eaten by a water-borne amoeba or Kennedy worm. "This should have been a *de nogo* situation," exclaimed one observer, "but this Court is obviously *pro boner*. Disorder in the court!"

Once viewed as a critical check on the powers of elected officials, the Court has revealed itself (try to get that image out of your head) to be *newlow contendere* in the face of the sociopathic ravings of the Big Dump and his MAGA minions. While Lady Justice and her sister Statue of Liberty weep, our nation threatens to devolve into anything but an eminent domain.

Sadly but truly, the Truly Shitty Court (formerly known as the Supreme Court) now stands apart as the Pillagers of Justice.

Rue Bourbon Saves the Swamp Ass

BAYOU DERRIERE – Krewe Rue Bourbon is famously known for putting social and environmental concerns in the spotlight, inspiring action that changes history and improves quality of life for the entire planet. So it's not surprising that the Krewe would embrace the 2026 Krewe Du Vieux theme, Save the Wet Glands, (All Hail to the Queen, saving the planet one bottle at a time!), and use the opportunity to call attention to a lesser-known but equally sensitive issue: Swamp Ass.

Ubiquitous in the South, the phenomenon is largely taken for granted by locals. However, Rue Bourbon correctly argues that this cultural experience can and should be shared across social classes, age, ethnicity, political affiliations, king cake preferences, and even species. Swamp Ass does not discriminate: all swamp-dwelling and swamp-adjacent creatures can experience its wetness, mold, mildew, and malodorousness.

Indeed, even the fierce and fear-

some Rougarou roams the humid Louisiana swamps and bayous with a festering case of Swamp Ass. In fact, the Rougarou may serve as a poignant spokescreature for Swamp Ass without uttering an actual word, but rather with howls of discomfort and a pungent Swamp Ass scent.

Rue Bourbon Co-Captains debated whether Swamp Ass may be saved or threatened by climate change. Increasing global temperatures point to perfect Swamp Ass conditions. "But remember last year's blizzard? How can Swamp Ass be sustained in the snow?" sniffed one Co-Captain.

Another argued that rising sea level and local subsidence support Swamp Ass, while at the same time worrying that loss of wet glands may be a threat to the survival of all Swamp Ass-infected creatures, urban or rural.

In the end, it's anybody's guess whether the phenomenon is in danger, but Rue Bourbon thinks it's a cause we should all get behind.

Corrections and Clarifications

The front page story in last year's *Monde de Merde* reported that Gov. Landry and the Louisiana legislature were working to return the state to the Dark Ages. Their actual target was Iran's Achaemenid Empire circa 550 BC.

The Underwear article on page 3 noted that the price of human brains had inflated due to their scarcity. The latest MPI (Martian Price Index) shows further cost increases due to the Trump-Mars tariff wars.

Monde de Merde has been unable to confirm rumors that Gov. Landry, after reading the Mishigas article on page 3 about people eating their pets, attempted to eat Mike the Tiger – but it does seem plausible.

Omitted from the page 4 story about KAOS' installation of new lights on the Crescent City Connection were additional reasons for invalidation of the project's warranty: bridge traffic exceeding 100 vehicles per day, ships passing under the bridge, and darkness.

On page 6, the KSAL article reported that city government would be relocated after City Hall was consumed by fire. This plan was abandoned after it was realized that city government served no function or purpose anyway.

As CRAPS noted in its page 7 article, the Louisiana law requiring display of the Ten Commandments in public schools was found unconstitutional. Subsequently, the legislature adopted the "Ten Suggestions," which included "Screw thy neighbor, not thyself;" "Take not the name of the Landry in vain;" and "Thou shall not steal, except from the poor."

Indecent Erosion

Governor Slandry declares coastal erosion a “hoax” KSAL takes to the streets in protest

STATE OF DENIAL – In an unprecedented and indecent announcement, Governor Jivin’ Jeff Slandry declared coastal erosion a hoax, stating that global warming has NOT led to a state of emergency in Louisiana.

“Climate change isn’t real. Nobody believes we’re losing a football field of wetlands a day. Our dear leader, president Daffy Dump, has assured me that there is nothing to worry about. Climate change is fake news,” Slandry said during an impotent capital meeting.

Slandry cautioned against listening to the advice of researchers who have studied coastal erosion. “These scientists and so-called experts don’t care for things important to our state like the almighty dollar. Who cares about wetlands when there’s a buck to be made? It’s indecent to think otherwise,” he said.

Slandry further emphasized that education and science are part of the liberal agenda. “Listening to facts is dangerous to our work to Make America Great Again. Citizens should only listen to me and President Dump.”

Not all Louisianans agree with Slandry. A group of activists known as the Krewe of Space Age Love (KSAL) are standing up for the Gulf Coast.

“Truth and democracy are under attack. What’s indecent is what Slandry and Dump are doing to our precious wetlands, and to our country. Their actions are leading to indecent erosion – not only of our coastline, but our democracy as a whole!” said a spokeslover for the group.

The raucous revelers of KSAL are using their playful platform to encourage others to protect our coast while also standing up for freedom for all residents. “Last year we created anarchy as a call to action against all that is indecent. This year, KSAL is taking it even further. Slandry hasn’t seen indecent yet....”

Marching through the streets, the krewe paid homage to Lady Liberty. Tears streaming down her face at the erosion of democracy, one hand flip-

ping the bird, the other downing a glass half full of liquor, she was slowly slipping into the swamps. Marchers alongside the float carried signs with messages such as:

“Stop the erosion of our rights.”
“Bring back humanity and decency.”
“Science over oil and profits.”
“Erode your own self away...please!”

KSAL revelers flashed eroding, erotic costumes to draw attention to the problems eroding our way of life in South Louisiana. “Sometimes you have to expose yourself to expose the problems. Parents may want to shield the eyes of their children – it ain’t always pretty,” said one exotically anonymous krewe member.

“They’re flashing their eroding bits – it’s just indecent,” said one bystander. “I told my husband not to look, or we might get kicked out of our MAGA meetings.”

Undeterred, the leader of KSAL proudly stated the krewe was doing its democratic duty. “The Big Dump may think he can erode our freedoms, but we’re not going to simply slink into the darkness. We’re here to expose the indecent erosion!”

To encourage the crowd to continue this important mission, KSAL marchers handed out mini slinkies instead of their traditional oyster throws. One observer suggested the oysters had been washed away due to coastal erosion.

Never ones to let the world get them down, KSAL is committed to spreading love throughout New Orleans. “We must stop this indecent erosion happening all around us. We might be lovers, but we’ll fight for our rights,” said the Lover Superior.

True to their roots, the Lovers provided a spectacle of joy to cut through the fear and uncertainty. The band played, the Lovers danced, offering hugs and love. For a short time, the crowd forgot about Governor Slandry and President Dump’s ridiculous reign of wrath.

“Now go pass a good time – and spread the love!”

McDonald’s Announces New Oval Office Location

WHITE CASTLE – McDonald’s, that ubiquitous purveyor of food-free food, announced today that it was opening a new “restaurant” in the Oval Office. While only a small number of potential customers will be able to access the location, a company spokesperson expressed confidence that its chief tenant would consume enough product to sustain the operation.

“We’ve already reached one billion billionaire hamburgers served,” reported M. T. Calories. “Having our ‘Little Mac’, for people with tiny

hands, on the menu proved to be a difference-maker.”

Industry insiders reported that Mickey D’s competitor Burger King initially thought it had the inside track for the location, given the occupant’s regal illusions and penchant for telling Whoppers.

Other reported specialties at the new outlet include Putintator fries, cooked in stolen Venezuelan oil; a unique Quarter Self-Pounder; and the always-popular McFurry dessert treat.



Unpopular Musical Held Over For No Apparent Reason

JOYLESS THEATER – Reports from the set of Director Stephen Miller’s musical “ICE Capades” suggest serious issues are threatening the entire production. In particular, the emotional connection between performers seems missing. Insiders say that “ICE Capades” may be a total bomb.

“The casting fucked this thing up,” groused a disgruntled producer. “Kristie Noem was given the role as an ice-skating belle of the ball, an ingénue if you will, but it turns out she only trained in snowshoeing and looks like a drag queen in sequins when in full costume.”

Another source said, “She’s as well-cast as a dead dog for this role. Plus, her chemistry with male lead Mike Johnson is abysmal. She really wanted to develop a physical connection with Mike, but he hates human contact and hates a woman’s voice even more.”

A vignette that tested well in rehearsals was nixed by producers.

“The scene getting the highest audience feedback scores depicted something heartfelt and real,” said the source. “In that scene, cast member Gregory ‘Fat Cow’ Bovino, playing the role of ICE Enforcer, approached a Brothers convenience store and was denied his morning sugar fix by a heroic young man with a heart of gold.”

The touring musical has received a record low score of 0.08 stars from Duckbill, the southern Louisiana offshoot of NYC publication Playbill. An excerpt from the review stated, “audiences will need to be well over the legal intoxication limit to applaud this appalling dreck.”

Other troubling news has also emerged from the set. Jeff “Little Petty” Landry of St. Martinville, cast in a secondary role, must wear 6-inch lifts to kiss co-star “Fat Cow” Bovino, on loan from the DHS School of Bloated Performers, in the ass. That then led what one source labeled as “further challenges” with the production.

“The biggest problem with that little slimeball Landry is that he wanted to direct and act at the same time,” said

an anonymous source, reported to be LSU President Wade Rousse. “That is simply not advisable in any touring performance.”

“We find that alienating and inconveniencing residents of New Orleans, a former province of America and currently a banana republic relying on Tipitina’s record sales and James Booker Advent candles to tread water, is consistent with our foreign touring policy,” said ICE Capades spokesperson Karoline Leavitt. “Let’s be honest, we, as a production, are scared by Brown People because … I don’t know why. We courted them so much for 2024 electoral performances, only to find that our antics tested higher with rural, ignorant whites.”

Responses from show-goers in Orleans and Jefferson Parishes were consistently negative.

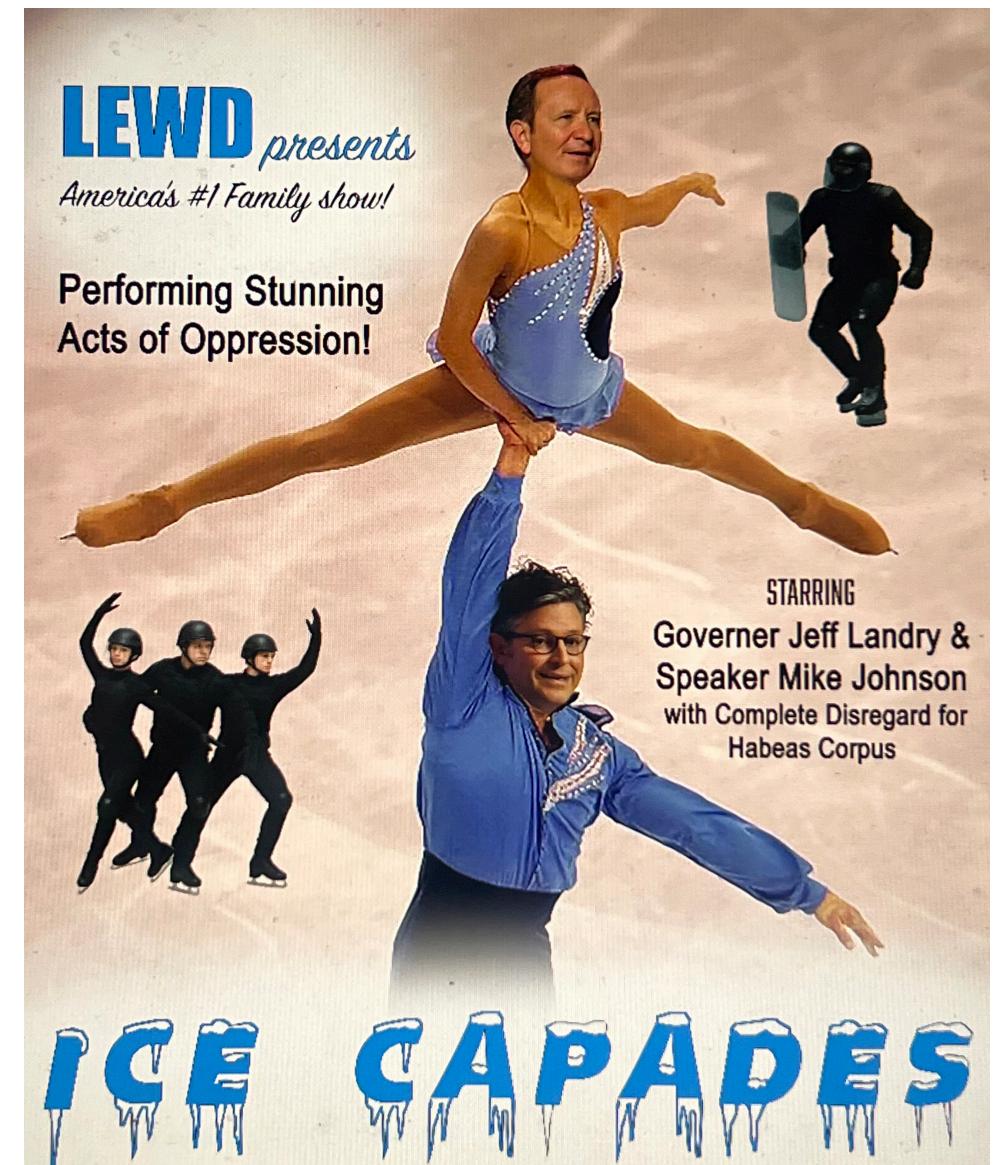
“This was promoted as a family-friendly comedic musical, which couldn’t be further from the truth,” said Whitney “Whit” Whitfield of Uptown. “My two daughters left upset and in tears at the end. I’m as basic white-bread and Perlis as they come, and even I found it heavy-handed and un-American.”

A local production assistant concurred.

“The Producers was a fictional play about Nazis, but let me you something, these ol’ boys here now are about as fascist as it gets. They won’t even show their faces,” said stagehand Jean-Paul Morrell. “It’s confusing the audience, considering it’s 80 degrees outside and they’re skating around in fully bedazzled body suits with tactical gear and face masks.”

The musical score, by Obese Tyrant and the Sycophants, received similarly poor responses. “It sounded like feral cats fighting and farting at the same time,” scoffed an anonymous attendee.

ICE Capades, a musical, is held over indefinitely in the neighborhoods of Kenner, Mid-City, Gentilly, Gretna, Marrero, Metairie and the toxic right wing social media echo chamber.



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